

**The Legend**  
—of the—  
**Moccasin Flower.**

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Oft I saw the dainty blossom,  
Saw the dainty moccasin;  
Oft I saw and oft'ner wondered,  
Wondered at its origin.

Dappled shoe, a lady slipper,  
And above the cross of grief;  
Slippers to the dancing fairies,  
Dancing neath the shady leaf;

And the cross a four-leaved clover,  
Lances in the fairy games;  
Badges of their proven valor,  
Honor to their deeds and names.

You have seen that dainty flower,  
Found it blossoming in shade;  
Wondered at its charming beauty,  
Wondered at its shoe and blade;

Native blossom to our climate,  
Where the leaves and flowers are late;  
Native to our needle forests,  
Emblem of our western state;

Thought it told a mystic legend,  
Of the mythic days of yore,  
Told by aged, spinning mothers,  
Authors of our childish lore,

Not of foreign lands and regions,  
Is the legend fair to tell;  
Not of ritters, not of giants,  
Stranger books rehears so well.